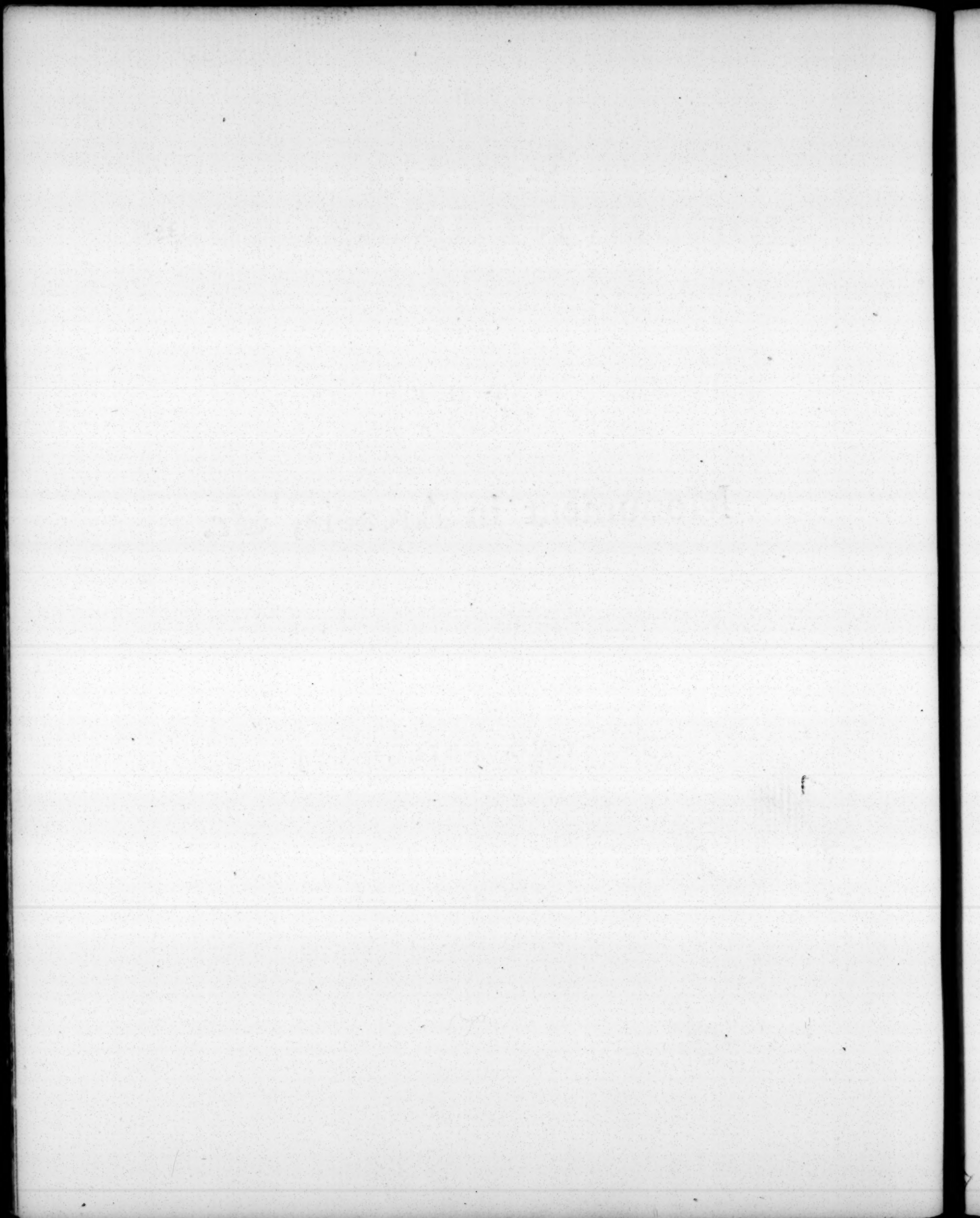


T H E

Monument in Arcadia, &c.

[Price TWO SHILLINGS.]



THE

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MONUMENT IN ARCADIA:

A

DRAMATIC POEM,

IN TWO ACTS.

By GEORGE KEATE, Esq.

K.

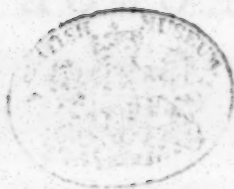
ET IN ARCADIA EGO—

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, IN PALL-MALL.
MDCC LXXIII.

MONUMENT IN ALABAMA



39
4 13.
184.



TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY VISCOUNTESS PRIMEROSE,

T H I S P O E M

IS INSCRIBED,

IN GRATEFUL TESTIMONY

O F T H E F R I E N D S H I P

WITH WHICH SHE HAS LONG HONOURED

HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED

AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

GEO. KEATE.

[10]

APPENDIX

THE APPENDIX

CONTAINS

THE

RESULTS

OF

THE

EXPERIMENT

ON

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ABBÉ DU BOS, in his *Critical Reflections on Poetry and Painting*, mentions with great *Encomium a Picture of* POUSSIN, wherein are represented some ARCADIAN *Shepherds and Shepherdesses*, who contemplate a Monument, on which they read this *Inscription*, ET IN ARCADIA
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Ego.

He supposes an Object so unexpected to have damped the Festivity of the Hour, and adds, L'on ne voit plus sur leurs Visages à travers l'Affliction, qui s'en empare, que les Restes d'une Joie expirante.

I much doubt whether in the above Quotation the ingenious Critic does not give a Merit to the Artist, which the Art never yet attained. The Changes of the human Countenance are occasionally as quick as the Operation of Thought; and the Rapidity of their Succession can awaken in a Spectator such a Combination of Ideas, as to produce almost instantaneously a correspondent Passion.

PAINTING can but half tell her Story.---The Pencil even under the happiest Guidance, must be confined to a single Action, nor can express more than the present Sentiment.---To unveil external Appearances, and to paint that previous Disposition of the Mind which fixes them, and which can magnify familiar Events into Effects of Moment, is an elder Sister's Province, and the peculiar Property of the MUSE.

It was this Reflection that induced me to form on the Subject of POUSSIN'S Picture, the following little Piece, which is probably of too serious a Cast for public Representation.---I do not recollect that the Moral it conveys has yet been delivered from the Stage; for though HOPE remains to us the comfortable

5

able

*able Balance for THE FATAL INGREDIENTS OF THE
Box, yet no Truth appears more obvious, than that
the Fervor of an indulged Imagination may involve
us in FANCIED Distresses, as painful to the Heart as
most of the REAL ones which the World prepares
for us.*

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
OF THE BARR

Persons of the Drama.

DORASTUS, a rich Shepherd, living as a Hermit.

LYSANDER, a young SPARTAN, Lover of EUPHEMIA.

MUSIDORUS, an ARCADIAN Shepherd.

EUPHEMIA, betrothed to LYSANDER.

DELIA, Friend to EUPHEMIA.

DAPHNE,

LAURA,

} Daughters of MUSIDORUS.

ARCADIANS.

Scene, A R C A D I A.

THE

T H E
MONUMENT IN ARCADIA:

A D R A M A T I C P O E M.

A C T I.

SCENE—*A beautiful Prospect of ARCADIA; Shepherds Dwellings dispersed at a Distance, and a Wood on one Side.*

Enter LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, and DELIA.

L Y S A N D E R.

THANKS to the Gods! our cheerful Steps at last
Have reach'd these happy Climes; where refug'd Virtue,
'Midst laughing Vales, o'er-arch'd by cloudless Skies,
Enjoys a calm Retreat. And now, lov'd Maid!
Whom I have follow'd, and would follow still
To Earth's remotest Bounds; 'tis Time to claim

B

That

That bright Reward, which, before DELIA here,
 Your lov'd Companion DELIA, you have sworn,
 Soon as my Voice had welcom'd your Arrival,
 Should crown my willing Service.

E U P H E M I A.

Gen'rous Youth!

Whose fond Compliance with a Maid's Request
 Has led you far from home; the Boon you ask
 Will poorly pay your Virtues; take my Hand,
 And know I give it but to pledge a Heart
 By ev'ry Title yours.

D E L I A.

Unshaken, long

Remain this Union!— Now! EUPHEMIA, now
 Behold your Hopes accomplish'd!— Breathe we not
 A purer Air? And does not this bright Scene,
 Which opens round us, realize the Truth
 Of all ARANTHE said?

E U P H E M I A.

E U P H E M I A.

It does ; it does.

Peace to her Shade ! And, DELIA, we shall blefs
 The friendly Path we trod ; though scarcely yet
 LYSANDER knows why I fo long forbore
 To crown his Love, and in this diftant Clime
 Would only wed.

L Y S A N D E R.

It was enough for me
 To know your Wifh ; contented to be bleft
 On your own Terms. But oft' I've heard you fay,
 Your dying Mother, poor ARANTHE ! left
 Thefe Counfels in your Ear, with that fad Sigh
 Which never more is heard.

E U P H E M I A.

Her Care alone
 Rear'd me to what I am ; yet I ne'er knew
 A Parent's Fondnefs. She was of ARCADIA ;
 And when the SPARTAN Arms, with fierce Defcent,

Sought these defenceless Shades, was forc'd away
 With other Captives. Then, all pale with Tears,
 Left Violence should seize what Choice deny'd,
 She gave the Plund'rer, what he ask'd, her Hand,
 And yielded to his Wish.—Vows thus constrain'd
 Ne'er draw down Blessings. Fifteen tedious Years
 She felt a lordly Husband's rigid Sway ;
 Till Fate dissolv'd her Bondage, and restor'd
 Her Liberty.

L Y S A N D E R.

EUPHEMIA, you relate
 What moves my Wonder ; for till now, I deem'd
 You were ARANTHE's Child.

E U P H E M I A.

I thought so too:
 But mark the Sequel. Freedom came too late :
 Worn by Dissimulation's irksome Task
 For Years repeated, slow-consuming Care
 Subdu'd at last her Frame, ARCADIA's Vales

She

She now no more could visit ; that fond Hope
Through long Captivity sustain'd the Soul,
Which sunk to find it lost.

L Y S A N D E R.

Not long the Mourner
Surviv'd her Husband ?

E U P H E M I A.

Scarcely half the Space
Of ten sad Moons. The Lamp of Life each Day
Burnt fainter ; and a sudden Stroke its Light
Almost extinguishing, she call'd me to her,
And bade me bring the Friend whom most I lov'd,
My DELIA, with me. To our Ears she then,
By interrupted Words with Pain brought forth,
Unlock'd her Heart ;—told me, a Mother's Name
Was but assum'd, that he whom she espous'd
Might treat me gently ; that my infant Years
Were to her Care confided ; that her All
She had bequeath'd me ; and her dying Wish

Was

Was, that, when Time should favor the Intent,
 I'd seek ARCADIA.—“ If, my Child!” she cry'd,
 “ Thy Lot be Happiness, 'twill meet thee there ;
 “ Be Hope thy Guide : The righteous Gods, perhaps
 “ May there restore”—But what—was all conceal'd ;
 For Death that Instant seiz'd her Pow'rs of Speech,
 And left me lost in Darknes and Distress.

D E L I A.

Nor till her Spirit fled, ceas'd she to fix,
 Though Utt'rance was deny'd, on my fair Friend
 Looks forcible as Language.—We have search'd,
 Where'er Conjecture wings its dubious Flight,
 To trace her Meaning, or descry from whence
 EUPHEMIA drew her Birth ; but ev'ry Path
 Perplex'd and tangled, still in Darknes ends.

L Y S A N D E R.

Some Cause forbade, or she had ne'er so long
 Conceal'd the Story, which her parting Breath
 Could not enough disclose. But say, my Love,

Did

Did not ARANTHE oft' at other Times
 Discourse the Beauties of her native Land,
 The more to tempt you to this Pilgrimage ?

EUPHEMIA.

Oh, frequent ! frequent ! It was oft' her Subject,
 And she would tell such Wonders of ARCADIA,
 So boast its joyous Skies, where Love, where Truth,
 And fair Simplicity reign'd undisturb'd,
 That all entranc'd I heard her, and my Soul
 Dwelt on her Story, till it pin'd to see
 These Heav'n-distinguish'd Regions.—To myself,
 In secret, then I vow'd, that I would ne'er
 But in ARCADIA wed.—It was for this
 ARCADIA was so oft' my Theme, when first
 You grac'd me with your Notice ; 'twas for this
 I hither led you ; and at some near Shrine
 My Vow shall be confirm'd.

LYSANDER.

Blest be the Night,

When

When forth I led you from detested SPARTA,
 Ne'er to behold it more! Detested SPARTA!
 Where the firm Virtue of our rigid Fathers,
 Which nerv'd their Arm, and gave th' admiring World
 A Line of Heroes, is debas'd by Vice,
 Or crush'd by pow'rful Faction.—To forget
 The Cloud that shades my Country, be my Task;
 Since thence I've borne a Prize, in whom I view
 The Graces of the purest Times.

EUPHEMIA.

No more!

Already you o'erpay me.

LYSANDER.

Bounteous Maid!

My Tongue would beggar Language, should it speak
 The Transport I now feel to call thee mine,
 And to enfold thee thus.—Whatever Joys
 This Clime shall offer, they can nothing add
 To mine, possessing thee.

DELIA.

D E L I A.

Behold! a Troop
Of Swains advancing! Haply, we from them
May gain all due Intelligence.

L Y S A N D E R.

Yet hold!

They seem assembled on some Ceremony;
'Twere best at Distance mark them;—for a while
Let us withdraw beneath these bow'ring Shades.

[They retire into the Wood.]

*Enter—MUSIDORUS, DAPHNE, LAURA, and a Number
of ARCADIAN Shepherds and Shepherdesses, bearing in their Hands
Garlands of Flowers.*

They advance, singing.

C H O R U S.

Give the Hour to sober Pleasures;
Cheerful Hearts are Life's best Treasures:
Let the choral Song go round;
Echo shall our Joys resound.

C

MUSIDORUS.

MUSIDORUS.

Onward ARCADIANs ! bear your flow'ry Wreaths,
 Twin'd with the fairest Sweets of ev'ry Kind
 That scent the Ev'ning Air, and with them deck
 The sacred Pines of PAN ; while the deep Grove
 Tells to the distant Hills our festive Rites.—
 'Tis wisely done to make the most of Life :
 Whilst Temp'rance fits the Guardian of our Sports,
 Each grateful Smile that dimples o'er the Cheek
 Is Tribute paid the Gods.

FIRST ARCADIAN.

Let such as tread
 The busy Haunts of Men, where Envy shoots
 Its poison'd Arrows, wear their Brow o'er-cast ;
 Our Vales are only Witnessess of Joy,
 And Mirth well-authoriz'd ; our fertile Soil
 A happier Sun-shine warms ; and the press'd Grape
 Pouring from Goblets deep its purple Stream,

Drives

Drives off imagin'd Ills, and the cheer'd Mind
Attunes to Harmony.

A I R.

Gloomy Care can ne'er controul
Joys that wait the temp'rate Bowl;
Welcome all its pure Delights,
Blameless Days, and peaceful Nights.

In our Cup her radiant Wings
FANCY dips, and brighter springs;
To her the Pow'r is giv'n
To soar beyond the Pride of Kings,
And form on ev'ry Spot a Heav'n.

LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, and DELIA, *appear from
the Wood.*

L Y S A N D E R.

Forgive us Shepherds,
If we as Strangers peradventure press
Somewhat abruptly on you. Wide is spread
The Fame of your fair Clime; and it hath hither

Allur'd our Steps, inquisitive to learn
That true Simplicity which marks your Lives,
And makes them deem'd so happy.

M U S I D O R U S.

You are welcome
To these pacific Shades, and doubly so
As being Strangers: but if chance you come
From Scenes of artful Life, where Pomp displays
Its splendid Fallacies, ours scarce will charm. —
Yet here Content resides, and rural Ease;
With ev'ry Blessing which the bounteous PAN
Bestows on virtuous Toils.

L Y S A N D E R.

Deem not that we
So ill have read the World, that our fool'd Sense
Is caught by Pageantry. — Nought charms so much
As the bright Lustre of an upright Mind,
Active, and steady. — And in lonely Vales,
And Roofs unnotic'd, oft' such Virtues dwell

As

As Courts with Pride might boast ; though all unseen
 Their Graces bloom, save by a circling few,
 And Heav'n's approving Eye.

F I R S T A R C A D I A N.

Your Reas'ning, Youth,
 Bespeaks a Mind well tutor'd ; and your Chance
 Hath thrown you amongst Men, who know to prize
 The Heart that points to Virtue.—Freely share
 Whate'er these Plains afford. Say, will you join
 Our festive Rites ? Or, rather, do you seek
 Rest and Refreshment ?——Long perchance hath been
 Your Way ; and these your fair Companions tire.

L Y S A N D E R.

True——long hath been our Way ; but we have made it
 Pleasure, not Toil.—You shall at Leisure know
 Whate'er in the small Circle of our Lives
 May win your Ear. Suffice it now to say
 What beyond Rest, beyond your proffer'd Care,
 Sits nearest at my Heart, is, that you guide

Our Steps to where, before some hallow'd Shrine,
 This beauteous Maid and I may swear till Death
 A lasting Union.—Long, too long, my Bliss
 Hath been delay'd ; and tedious seems to creep
 Each lazy Minute now, till I can boast
 Alliance with her Virtues.

M U S I D O R U S.

Such a Place

Stands in the Covert of yon Wood ; be mine
 The Task to lead you thither.—Leagues of Love
 Approv'd by Virtue, from their starry Thrones
 The Gods behold well pleas'd.—Go you before
 My Daughters, and with virgin Hands adorn
 The nuptial Altar.—Shepherds, you'll pursue
 Your purpos'd Sports : we shall at Eve rejoin.

[*Exeunt* DAPHNE and LAURA.]

L Y S A N D E R.

Here, my EUPHEMIA, our long Voyage ends,
 Safe in the wish'd-for Port we ride in Peace,

Anchor'd

Anchor'd by Love and Friendship.—Gen'rous Swain !
 Your hospitable Kindness asks more Praise
 Than my poor Tongue can give ; a Time may come
 When I may better speak it.

M U S I D O R U S.

Nay ! no more ;
 I act but as I ought.——Benevolence
 Is due from from Man to Man.——Come, Lady, on ;
 The Altar now attends your maiden Vows ;
 Be thrifty of the Hour, the Day wears fast.

[*Exeunt* MUSIDORUS, LYSANDER,
 EUPHEMIA, and DELIA.]

F I R S T A R C A D I A N.

Now with light Foot, to sportive Measures beat,
 Strike ev'ry sprightly Note, that ere we join
 In yonder hallow'd Grove, we to the Dance
 May add new Graces, and avow our Zeal.

A D A N C E *of* A R C A D I A N S.

After

After the DANCE, the CHORUS repeated.

Give the Hour to sober Pleasures ;
 Cheerful Hearts are Life's best Treasures :
 Let the choral Song go round ;
 Echo shall our Joys resound.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE— *A wild rocky Entrance to a Cave ; on one Side of which is
 seen a Wood.*

DORASTUS *enters from the Cave. After looking attentively around,
 he comes slowly forward.*

Hail ! to the Ev'ning Sun, which from the West
 Empurples all the Sky, and this my Cave
 Gilds with its parting Rays ; this moss-grown Cave,
 Long by my Footsteps worn !——for since the Arms
 Of the fell SPARTANS tore my Child away,
 (Sole Pledge of a dear Union) with the Friend
 To whom her dying Mother gave the Charge
 To train her Infancy ; and ev'ry Hope

To

To trace their Fate is vain; I've shun'd the Plain,
 Nor mingled with the Gay.—In these lone Shades
 I wake my Mind to Truth; and as the Stream
 Of Life flows gently on, pursue that Peace
 Philosophy inspires, and patient wait
 Th' Appointment of the Gods.—But I must hence—
 The length'ning Shadows warn me now to seek
 In the near Valley such sweet smelling Flow'rs
 As give their Perfumes to the Ev'ning Gale,
 And strew them round yon vacant Tomb I've rear'd
 To sooth a Father's Sorrows.—There's in Grief
 A melancholy Pleasure, which indulg'd,
 Becalms the Soul;—and such this Task to me.—
 O much-lamented Maid! if from this World
 Escap'd, thou sit'st a Spirit in Air, accept
 A Parent's pious Off'ring;—or if still
 Thou draw'st the Breath of Bondage, or art doom'd
 To tread the flinty Ways of Life, may Heav'n
 Give thee proportion'd Virtue!—Yet a while,

D

A transient

A tranfient Space, Time's friendly Hand fhall guide
Each Suff'rer to his Reft, and all our Cares
Shall melt to nothing, like the Morning Dew.

[Exit.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



A C T

A C T - II.

A R U R A L S C E N E.

Enter LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, DELIA, MUSIDORUS,
DAPHNE, *and* LAURA.

*As they are all advancing from the End of the Stage, DAPHNE and
LAURA sing the following*

D U E T.

HYMEN pleas'd your Faith furveys ;
All his peaceful Blessings share !

Purest Friendship crown your Days !

Joy attend you, happy Pair !

L Y S A N D E R.

Thanks, courteous Fair-ones, Thanks ; I little hop'd
Such Bride-maids for my Love ; but you are all
As bounteous as your Skies ; and your kind Care
Shall bind us both your Debtors.—You, good Shepherd,

Who with your Daughters at the Shrine of PAN
 Have witness'd to our Vows, shall see I trust
 That they were seal'd with Truth, and only join'd
 Hearts of congenial Mould.

M U S I D O R U S.

May circling Years

Still firmer bind them ! and the Hand of Death
 Alone dissolve this Union !

E U P H E M I A.

Heav'n so grant !——

Most freely Shepherd I accept your Grace,
 And proffer'd Services ; wrapt in Delight
 To meet already in this stranger Land
 Such hospitable Smiles.

D A P H N E.

Nor here is seen

A Smile the Heart avows not ; our plain Life
 Disdains those Arts and Falshoods, which they say
 Are practis'd by the Great-ones of the World.

Ambition

Ambition walks not here ; nor is here known
 Envy, its fell Affociate.—Rural Cares
 Employ the fleeting Day, and one firm Chain
 Of social Harmony unites us all.—
 Our temp'rate Board gives Cheerfulness and Health ;
 And there Contentment fits, and bids us scorn
 What cheated Man calls Luxury.

L A U R A.

Nor yet

Shall our calm Plains abuse your Hopes ; the Eye
 As well as Mind is solac'd.—Nature blooms
 In youthful Beauty round us, from her Urn
 Scatt'ring unnumber'd Treasures. Mark how glows
 The vivid Landscape ; and the burthen'd Earth
 Pants with the gay Profusion.

E U P H E M I A.

A new World

Springs up before me. See, LYSANDER, see

What

What vary'd Sweets shall strew our future Paths
Beneath this better Sun.

L Y S A N D E R.

Rooted I stand,
And lost in Admiration thank the Gods
For all their Bounty to me; chief for Thee
Their noblest Boon, thou Crown of my Desires!
Thou lovely Charmer!—O my Friends, excuse
A young Man's Transport; when you better know
This Maiden's Excellence, you will confess
My Tongue no Flatt'rer—for she wears a Heart
So pure, so spotless, that it might be shrin'd
In Crystal, and have all its Movements scann'd!

M U S I D O R U S.

My Bosom shares your Transport.—Gentle Lady,
Beneath the Umbrage of yon tufted Trees,
Which shade the Margin of the azure Stream
That steals along its Side, our Dwelling stands,
Rustic and simple; thick around it shoots

The

The flaunting Woodbine; and each fragrant Flow'r
 Adorns the verdant Scene.—There I've prepar'd
 A cheerful Welcome;—all our rural Sports
 My Daughters shall relate, and teach you too,
 If so you like, to tend our fleecy Folds;
 For all are Shepherds here.

E U P H E M I A.

Something but now,
 As o'er the Lawn we pass'd, LAURA discours'd
 Of a grey Hermit, whose religious Life
 Gain'd him such Love, that each ARCADIAN deem'd
 His Blessing prosp'rous; fain on this Day's Act
 Would I implore it.

M U S I D O R U S.

Lady, he you mean
 Dwells at the mossy Foot of yonder Rock,
 The good DORASTUS; Shepherd once himself,
 And Master still of many a Flock; but he,
 Long from our Plains sequester'd, mourns retir'd

A Lofs that weighs his grey Hairs down.—All here
View him with filial Love ; for he's to all
A Friend, a Father.—Thither I'll conduct you
As homeward now we pass.

L Y S A N D E R.

We will attend ;

Yet tarry but a Space, while from those Trees
Of clust'ring Roses that invite the Touch
I pluck some crimfon Buds, and twist a Wreath
For my EUPHEMIA's Brow ; she has not yet
Receiv'd her bridal Garland,

[*Exit.*

E U P H E M I A.

On this Bank

Await we his Return. Sit, my fair Maids ;
And DELIA, calm the Flutt'rings of my Heart
By some soft Strain.—Give me that cheering Song
ARANTHE so much lov'd.

DELIA.

D E L I A.

'Tis well devis'd,
Nor foreign to the Moment.—I obey.

S O N G.

All the Splendor which Wealth can display
Is so vain, that it quickly must cloy ;
Like a Bubble, it soon melts away,
If HOPE does not heighten the Joy.

Sweet Passion ! without thee, the Soul
In the Midst of Fruition would tire ;
Into Times yet unborn thou canst roll,
And expand on the Wings of Desire.

It was HOPE that first planted my Vine,
And its Clusters luxuriously spread ;
Rear'd my Fig-tree whose Branches intwine,
And so gratefully shadow my Head.

E

HOPE

HOPE comforts the Mourner's sad State,
 Soothes the Wretch who is struggling with Pain,
 Bids the Captive support his hard Fate,
 And to Home turns his Eyes back again.

Bright Charmer! ah! live in my Breast,
 Round my Temples thy Garland still bind;
 Thou shalt calm all my Sorrows to Rest,
 And cheer with thy Sunshine my Mind.

E U P H E M I A.

Kind DELIA, take my Thanks.—I feel the Truth
 Thy Strain inspires; for see LYSANDER comes,
 Who round the little Region of my Heart
 Bids HOPE triumphant live.

LYSANDER *re-enters, with a Chaplet of Roses in his Hand.*

L Y S A N D E R.

EUPHEMIA, wear
 This blooming Wreath, in Honor of the Day,

And

And as an Emblem of our twin'd Affections.—

[Presents her the Chaplet.

This hath a tranſient Date, but they I truſt
Shall never know Decay.—Now let us ſpeed
To ſeek the Hermit's Cave ; good Shepherd on.

[Exeunt.

*The Scene opening diſcovers a Wood. In the Middle of the Stage is a
MONUMENT, with the Statue of a Nymph lying on it. Upon its
Baſe appears this Inſcription, in large Characters,*

I TOO WAS AN ARCADIAN.

DORASTUS *is ſeen ſtanding near the Tomb, with a Basket of Flowers
in his Hand, ſinging the following*

A I R.

My Woes, O Mem'ry! ceaſe to trace ;
Ah! curſe no more the SPARTAN Race !
Come meek-ey'd Patience, calm my Mind,
And make it to its Fate reſign'd.—
This fancy'd Form, this empty Tomb
Relieves the Rigour of my Doom.

E 2

Enter

Enter MUSIDORUS, LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA,
DELIA, DAPHNE, *and* LAURA.

MUSIDORUS.

Behold the good old Man!——On the still Air
How sweetly floats his plaintive Voice!——Beside
This Wood he dwells, and here at setting Sun
Sings his accustom'd Dirge, as Mem'ry drops
A Sigh o'er happier Scenes that Time hath clos'd.

LYSANDER.

Say, what yon Pile which he bestrews with Flow'rs?
It seems a Tomb, and that fair sculptur'd Form
Declares it such; as does the Epitaph,
“ *I too was an Arcadian.*”

MUSIDORUS.

He bewails

A Daughter torn away, on whom he built
The Comfort of his Age; it is for her
This mournful Pile is rear'd, these Rites perform'd.——

But soft!—A Moment ends them ; let us not
Invade his Privacy.

[They keep retired on one Side of the Stage.]

DORASTUS *continues the Air, strewing the Flowers round the Tomb.*

Gentle Spirit, Peace be thine !
This sad Office still be mine ;
These fond Marks of Love receive,
All a drooping Sire can give.

*During the Song, LYSANDER discourses with MUSIDORUS ;—EUPHEMIA,
with DAPHNE and LAURA. She often fixes her Eyes on the
Monument, with Marks of Emotion.*

The Song ended, they advance.

MUSIDORUS.

Good Ev'n, DORASTUS,
And heard be all thy Orisons!—Behold
I bring with me a Pair, who even now
At yonder consecrated Altar seal'd
The Bond of wedded Faith.—Far is their Home,
Beyond the Southern Mountains ; but Desire

To

To visit these our Plains hath urg'd their Steps
 Hither, to sojourn with us.—Lo! they sue
 Your Grace and Welcome; and will prove, I judge,
 Worthy your Courtesy.—Their bridal Bed
 My Daughters have prepar'd; and I myself
 Shall be their this Night's Host; a secret Impulse
 Hath won me to their Service.

L Y S A N D E R.

Strangers here,
 Each Mark of Hospitality must charm;
 And sooth to say, this our kind Patron's Care
 Hath far outstrip'd my Hope.—Might we obtain
 Thy Pray'rs, respected Hermit, nothing then
 Remains to crown our Fortune.

D O R A S T U S.

If the Blessing
 Of an old Man by many a Sorrow worn,
 And bow'd by many a Year, can aught avail,
 O take it, freely take it.—May the Act

Of

Of this fair Day be prosper'd ! may a Length
Of Happiness be yours ! a virtuous Race
To both endear the World ! and all your Paths,
Your Ev'ning Paths of Life, be spread with Flow'rs
That never grew in mine !

L Y S A N D E R.

Ah ! much I grieve
That your's have prov'd uneven !—For your Wishes
Count me your Debtor.—My EUPHEMIA too,
My Bride shall thank you ; for her Heart is gentle,
And grateful as the Flow'r that pays with Sweets
The genial Summer's Bounty !—

*As he turns to EUPHEMIA, he finds her looking towards the Tomb with a
melancholy Attention.*

Ha ! my Love,
Whence this Amaze ? why dost thou bend thy Sight
On yonder Tomb ? and wherefore on thy Brow
Sits a descriptive Sorrow, that hath drank
The Lustre of thine Eyes, and damp'd the Joy

Which

Which sparkled there but now ?—Say, why is this ?

What the strange Cause ?

EUPHEMIA.

The Cause is in myself ;

O my LYSANDER ! I have fool'd my Sense

With visionary Hope, and now awake

To meet my Error.

LYSANDER.

Nay ! explain, EUPHEMIA.

EUPHEMIA.

This good Man's Sigh has op'd my Eyes ; this Scene

Of Death has undeceiv'd me.—Blind to think

That there was any Ground where Mortals tread

On which Affliction walks not !—Ev'ry Clime

Engenders human Woe ; and fam'd ARCADIA

Is pregnant with the same disastrous Fortune

That other Regions know.

DORASTUS.

Our Life, fair Lady,

Must

Must needs be chequer'd thus.

L Y S A N D E R.

Alas! my Love,

Let us enjoy the Good, nor with vain Search
Anticipate Misfortune ; come it will,
Though Wisdom stand as Guard ; and e'en these Shades
Must sometimes own its Pow'r.

E U P H E M I A.

Mistaken Maid !

Is this the Land where Pleasure only reign'd ?
Was it for this I pac'd so long a Way ?
Abandon'd SPARTA ? and so far allur'd
Thy wand'ring Steps LYSANDER, here to meet
The Face of Sorrow ?——Where is that Content
ARANTHE boasted ? Where that Peace, she said
Should greet our Coming ?——Ah ! could she delude
That Hope she so long nourish'd ?

D O R A S T U S.

Heard I aright ?

F

Or

Or did false Sounds abuse me ?——Spake you not
Of SPARTA, and ARANTHE, courteous Lady ?
Pray you say on ; for to my Ear you utter'd
A Name well known.——ARANTHE ! knew you her ?
And lives she yet ?

L Y S A N D E R.

Ah no ! she is no more !

With pious Hand these Maidens clos'd her Eyes,
Bathing her Corse with Tears.

E U P H E M I A.

In her I lost

The best of Women, whose indulgent Care
No Time shall wear away.——Her latest Wish
Was I should seek ARCADIA, where herself
Had sometime known a happier Destiny
Than SPARTA's Walls afforded.

D O R A S T U S.

You are then

Her Daughter doubtless ; you perhaps have oft

Heard

Heard her relate—

E U P H E M I A.

Good Hermit, you mistake ;

I am no Child of her's, though many a Year
 Such I was deem'd, till her last Breath unveil'd
 The Error, and declar'd I was a Pledge
 Intrusted to her Care in infant Years,
 By whom was unexplain'd, for Death's cold Grasp
 Broke off th' unfinish'd Tale,—and I had walk'd
 The World a friendless Orphan, and alone,
 But for this virtuous Youth, to whom I've giv'n
 That Love his Merit claim'd.—But why on me
 Is cast that Look of Eagerness?—Why heaves
 Thy lab'ring Bosom thus? or whence those Tears
 That tremble in thine Eye?

D O R A S T U S.

O Nature!—Nature!

Who with thy pow'rful, and invifible Hand
 Shak'ft my whole Frame with Tumult,—can I think

This Conflict, these Forebodings of a Father
 Are rais'd, or felt in vain?—The Stroke's too great!
 Pray you your Arm a Moment.—Yes—it must—
 Those Features wear the radiant Hue of Truth!—
 There cannot be Deceit.—It is—It is.
 My long-lost Child restor'd.—

EUPHEMIA.

All-ruling Gods!

Have ye upheld me through the Maze of Life.
 Unknowing, and unknown, in this far Land.
 To guide me to a Parent?

LYSANDER.

All's explain'd;

This was ARANTHE'S Meaning, this the Cause.
 She urg'd so strong your Coming, hoping still:
 Some Chance might bring about this blest Event
 Th' indulgent Gods have prosper'd.

DORASTUS.

Gen'rous Youth!

Whose

Whose Graces have endear'd thee to my Child,
 Whose Truth and Friendship won her, let my Arms
 Embrace thee as a Son.—A Father's Blessing,
 Pour'd from a Heart with Gratitude o'ercome,
 Shall now enforce the rest.—Alas! too quick
 My Spirits bound!—Prithee resolve my Mind
 A few fond Questions more.

[They withdraw to the Bottom of the Stage.]

M U S I D O R U S.

See, my Children,
 The virtuous still are happy!—This is she
 So long-reputed dead, for whom was rear'd
 The Statue, and the Tomb; for whom these Shades
 So oft' have echo'd with a Father's Sighs;
 Sighs now repaid with Transports!

L A U R A:

Nor in vain:
 Have we intwin'd the festive Wreath. This Night:
 Shall social Pleasure beam from ev'ry Eye,

And

And Sounds of Joy be heard along the Vale.

D A P H N E.

See where returning from the hallow'd Grove
The Shepherds cross the Plain. I'll be myself
Of this Event the Harbinger ; 'twill prove
Most welcome to them all.

[*Exit.*

DORASTUS, LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, and DELIA,
come forward.

D O R A S T U S.

Enough, enough ;

My stormy Life at last sinks to a Calm.
Come Death now when it will, I'll meet it smiling,
Upheld by this lov'd Pair,

L Y S A N D E R.

Long live to see

Our mutual Happiness ! and be repaid
In the bright Virtues of your new-found Daughter
The Suff'rings you've endur'd !

DORASTUS.

D O R A S T U S.

Great Providence !

How just are all thy Ways!——Never let Man,
 Howe'er he be distress'd, abandon Hope ;
 For in the Moment when the Cloud is blackest,
 When the big Storm rolls loudest o'er his Head,
 The Hand of Heav'n perhaps supports his Steps,
 And guides him back to Peace!——'Twas but this Morn,
 Stung with Remembrance of my former Woes,
 I curs'd the Sons of SPARTA ; ere Day close
 A SPARTAN Hand leads back the Child I lost,
 And quite atones the Wrongs his Country did me!

E U P H E M I A.

Justly I stand reprov'd.——Henceforth I'll own
 Each Murmur is a Crime, and Discontent
 Ingratitude to Heav'n.

D O R A S T U S.

Forbear to think
 This Earth can teem Perfection ; far beyond

Those

Those azure Rocks that kiss the sloping Sky
 A happier Region lies, to which compar'd
 Our Spot, is as the dank and tainted Gale
 To th' unfully'd Breath of Morning.—There the Toils
 Of lab'ring Virtue cease! and thither oft'
 She turns her patient Eye, and seeks her Crown!—
 'Tis there EUPHEMIA, and 'tis there alone
 Perfection may be hop'd; on this Side, all
 Is mutable and frail!

EUPHEMIA.

Yet 'tis not strange
 The Mind that's tutor'd to expect too much
 Should sigh at Disappointment.

DORASTUS.

That, my Child,
 Is Life's grand Error;—we delude ourselves,
 And charge the Cheats of FANCY to the World.—
 Man in his visionary Hour conceives
 Joys never destin'd for him, then sits down

In

In sullen Discontent, to think he loses
 That which he ne'er possess'd.—Go, wiser you
 My Children, curb your Wishes, taste with Thanks
 That Good the Gods allot you ; and remember,
 Howe'er our Paths are chequer'd by Misfortune,
 Life still has many Pleasures for the Virtuous.

M U S I D O R U S.

The neighb'ring Swains, whom DELIA has inform'd
 Of what has chanc'd, with Looks of Transport haste
 To greet your happier Fortune.

*A Number of ARCADIANs enter with DAPHNE, and surround DORASTUS
 with Marks of Congratulation.*

D O R A S T U S.

Ah ! how sweet
 Their Steps who speak of Peace !——I have, my Friends,
 A Heart that reads your Purpose in your Eye,
 And registers your Love——A Heart, the Gods
 Have quite o'erwhelm'd with Mercy !——Thanks to all
 Who share with me this Joy ; and double Thanks

G

To

To thee, kind MUSIDORUS, whom this Night
 We all will sojourn with, and cheer the Board
 Thy lib'ral Hand has spread.—Rich Flocks, and Herds,
 And wide-spread Pastures, shall be giv'n to-morrow
 In Dowry with this Maid.—You DELIA too
 Shall now become my Care.—Let us away.
 The Ev'ning Star is ris'n,—and as we pass
 Let all our choral Youth their Voices join
 In Notes that deep-felt Gratitude inspires.

C H O R U S.

Mighty PAN ! to thee we owe
 All the Happiness we know ;—
 Let our Lives still peaceful glide ;
 Give us Virtue for our Guide.

[*Exeunt.*]

E P I L O G U E.

EPILOGUE.

*Mortals, who this Drama view,
Own you not its Moral true?—
Virtuous Minds should ne'er despair;
They are Heav'n's peculiar Care,
Who teaches suff'ring Man to know
HOPE'S THE COUNTERPOISE OF WOE.*

*But if HOPE unlicens'd reigns,
Wildly seeks ideal Plains,
Pictures Joys it ne'er can meet,
Paths ne'er trod by human Feet;
Then, ah! then expect to find
ARCADIA'S ONLY IN THE MIND.*

THE END.



